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Bubbles

...From The...

Tippecanoe.

John G. Reidelbach.

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Bubbles

From the

Tippecanoe

...By...

John G. Reidelbach

This Collection of Poems is respectfully dedicated to
my friends along the Tippecanoe River.

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FORE WORD.

*No need is for apology
When work is done most carelessly;
Although some would,—but doubtful can,—
Follow the good and better plan
That has been sketched by better hands,—
Or wove their themes in stronger strands;
They wove and spun a silken cloth,—
Yet not disfigured by the moth;
Their cloth is lined, and linings meet
With fancies from their heart's own beat.
Their themes are mine, and mine are theirs;
No claim too new this book declares.
The shuttles yet are filled with grace
From daily cause, unwoven lace,
That dressed the themes in finest style,
And opes the mind and heart to smile.—
These same with sannah oft are dressed,
With garments fitting not the best.
Inducements are about my way,
Inflecting as I sing my lay,*

*To dedicate a monument,—
With broken meters, somewhat bent,
To friends along this noble stream.—
Could I but make it worthier seem!
I'd sing so loud my songs of praise,—
While birds would lend thir softer lays,—
I'd venture every gloomy spot
With blooms of sweet "Forget-me-not" !*

F. G. R.

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BUBBLES FROM THE TIPPECANOE

MORNING PRAYER.

O God, you've kept us through the night!

We love and praise you too,

And thank for what you do;

Keep us from evil snares,

From sin and other cares;

And lead us through the day aright.

All that we do, and think, and say,

Each deed, each thought and word,

Thy blessings lend, O Lord;

And let thy angels keep,

In wake as well as sleep,

Their guard o'er us till the close of day.

THOSE EYES OF BLUE.

Those eyes of blue, those eyes of blue,
I know full well they are now true;
They gaze with pride upon my form,
Whose strength will guide them from all harm.

As they grow up in love and strength,
And I bend down with age at length;
And when I'm hid in the grave at last,
Live on true as in days long past.

I see their form in childish bloom;
But when I'm gone beyond the tomb,
Those eyes of blue, those eyes of blue,
I hope they will be ever true.

LEW'S COON.

Lew came home one day at noon,
Bringing with him a little coon;
And all of us ran out to see
What Lew had caught up in a tree.

It was not at all to say tame,
But Lew appeared proud of his game,
And held to it most awful tight,
No matter how it'd scratch and bite.

Lew was hunting with dog and gun
(A hunter mate partook the fun),
And then they roamed the woods about,
Until at last three coons found out.

Two were young and one was old,
And the way the story was told:
Lew climbed the tree up to its top,
And with the coons began to flop.

At last the old one he had killed,
And with scratches his hands were filled;
And then he grabbed a young one, brown,
And gave it to his partner down.

The second, gray, he kept himself,
He wouldn't give it for any pelf;
The dog just barked and screamed and yelled,
When out to him the coon was held.

Lew put his coon into a box,
And on the lid laid two small rocks;
In there it stayed for fourteen days,
Where it was teased and had its plays.

We'd punch at it through cracks with sticks,
And, how it would perform its tricks!
And when the dog at it would howl
The coon would prance and fuss and growl.

But lo! one morn when we got out,
The dog and coon both ran about;
Down they lit through the garden, green,
No more since has Lew's coon been seen.

IT'S CHRISTMAS DAY TO-MORROW.

It's Christmas Day to-morrow,
Let's banish all our sorrow;
Coming is the Savior,
He knew us long before.

Among us moves the Savior,
Wandering from door to door;
Call in this welcome guest,
Your household will be blessed.

Then let us to Him sing
For the joy He will us bring;
His star is shining bright,
And leading us aright.

It's Christmas Day to-morrow,
Let's banish all our sorrow;
Coming is the Savior
With gift for sinners poor.

PULASKEE.

I am thinking of a village, where the river flows
along;
Where the scenes are very charming, and the water's
rush is strong;
There's a Yankee maid I'm wooing, and she loves
me yet to-day;
O! my heart is throbbing for her! And she loves
me yet to-day.

I am longing for a village, surrounded with a
leafy wreath;
Where the maple trees are shading, and my dar-
ling sits beneath;
And her memory's filled with sunshine, and she
loves me yet to-day;
And her home is near the river, where she loves
me yet to-day.

I am dreaming of the mill-dam, where the fish will
stop to play;
Where young lovers watch them teaming, and are
wooing in their way;
There a maiden whispered softly, "I'll be thine, my
love, alway;"
And I'm filled with consolation, for she loves me
yet to-day.

I get weary of my toiling, and my heart is filled
with awe,
When I roam in darker nations, and obey the for-
eign law ;
But the Yankee loving maiden,—and she loves me
yet to-day,
Still sings her soothing songs for me, and she loves
me yet to-day.

O! the landscape is so pretty; and the river, none
excels!
With its stalwart hills around it, and amongst
them fruitful dells;
Where the maidens sing of Jesus, whom they wor-
ship every day;
And their memories 're filled with wisdom, and
their hearts are not of clay.

Where's another nation equal, where every humble
village's free?
Where's another home with comfort, as my own in
Pulaskie?
Where's another maid so faithful? And she loves
me yet to-day;
O! her Yankee heart, how gentle! And she loves
me yet to-day.

And it is a consolation, when I think of this fair
maid;
And she dwells within a village, where the law of
God's displayed;
Where her voice rhymes with the waters, and she
loves me yet to-day;
As she sits beneath a maple, and she loves me yet
to-day.

LIFE BUT A BREATH.

This life is but a breath
For which a gain is death;
Its goal is not the tomb;
Why should the soul be sad?
Because death makes it glad?
And with the Seraph's bloom?

How short this life, a sigh,
We live and then we die;
And lying down to rest
With sad scenes, solemn tones,
Are hid in dust the bones;
And righteous are the blessed.

We pass through change of death,
Release the immortal breath,
And out from dust it flies;
Scarce the breath's passed away
When flesh begins decay—
Oh! Blessed, he who dies!

Life's closed, and forgot the day,
The tears are wiped away;

Life's weariness is o'er,
This breath to God is given,
To live again in Heaven,
There lives forevermore.

In our lowly bed we sleep,
And with our God we keep;
Life's cares then all will cease,
With angels shall we greet
Who wait with us to meet;
Our souls will then have peace.

USED TO RIDE A CART.

My brother Web an' I,
We use' to ride a cart,
The seat was jist so small
We sat no inch apart;
An' had a little nag,
'Twas full of life an' tricks,
When we applied the gad,
She answered with her kicks.

We hitched her up one night
To go to the City Hall,
An' then we dressed up too,
We 'lowed to see the ball;
I wore a laundry shirt—
Of course, I was to blame,—
“Dress up,” says I to Web,
An' then he did the same.

When hitched the nag we had
We got into the seat;
An' then I raised the whip,
The nag she raised her feet;—
“You let 'er go,” said Web,
“Or else we'll lose our brains;”
An' right up for the seat
The lassy made her aims.

She raised her feet up high,
An' kicked up lots of dirt;
An' when I saw myself
I found she'd splashed my shirt;
An' Web then looked at his,
An' said it had enough;
Before we'd time to think
The nag began to puff.

An' then she run as fast
As ever she did run;
I drew up on the lines
To hold the son-of-a-gun,
But then she didn't stop
Until we both fell out;
She had the cart upturned,
An' then began to pout.

We both got up again,
An' asked if we were hurt;
An', my! Our meetin' coats
Were covered o'er with dirt.
Web coaxed the nag a bit,
I cussed an' swore awhile;
I know the people heard
My echo, off, two mile.

Then when we got rigged up,
We both got in again;
The nag she trembled some,
But we?—We felt no pain.
She got a kind o' tame,
An' soon began to trot;

An' when we felt our clothes
We both jist got red hot.

The nag jist acted so
As if she was a chokin';
An' when we drove a ways
We found our cart was broken;
So out we got again
(It wasn't safe at all),
An' simply walked the rest
Up to that City Hall.

We led the nag along,
An' hitched her to a post;
The cart we left behind;
We'll never try to boast
That we enjoyed the ride;
But this I'll tell you all:
I'm goin' to walk each time
When I will go to ball.

We've gotten older now,
An' each has got a wife;
We'll stay at home o' nights
The rest of our nat'ral life;
But when we get together
(For us two live apart),
We're both reminded how
We used to ride a cart.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Hark! A crashing noise comes to my ear!
I hear a shooting 'round without;
They loudly cry and merrily shout:
A Happy New Year!

Down, they shoot with their guns, quite near,
The old year and wish it to ground!
Then up spring the echoes and sound:
A Happy New Year!

Shout, happy youths, enjoy and cheer;
Forget all your troubles of old;
Begin anew, both pure and bold,
The Happy New Year.

Laid aside, my friends true and dear,
Are old pages of life and sealed;
No useless act is ever repealed
In the Happy New Year.

Now you'll be given a new leaf here;
Keep from it every evil aim,—
Then shout, and I'll with you proclaim:
A Happy New Year.

PAPA'S LULLABY.

Two little babes on papa's lap,
And their cheerful hands they clap;
How they laugh and how they play!
 Not a bird that fans the breeze
 Gives more pleasure that will ease
The aches, that come from toil all day.

I will sing my lullaby,
Bless them with my lullaby,
While they're sitting on my lap
To hear me singing lul-la-by.

Irena with her lovely smile,
And Cletus does not his beguile;
Ah! How they drive their papa's cloud!
 Free are they from every care,
 Knowing but all joys to share;
Their smiling makes me feel so proud.

The earth is blooming with its flow'rs,
And grand the orb is made with bow'rs,
And all the world with love is blest,

As I'm looking up to-night
Also see the stars shine bright,
But brightest, children's love, and best.

Two little babes on papa's lap,
And their cheerful hands they clap;
My Lord, do not their hopes deny!
What a gloomy world this be!
Bless my little babes for me;
And I will sing my lullaby.

IN MEMORY OF LINCOLN.

Keep sacred mem'ries of him,
The hero of the past;
Blessed be the spirit of him
Whose love had been so vast.

His heart had beat with human
Freedom for the serf;
For every man and woman
Who tilled the planter's turf.

'Twas gained when he was dying,
And every eye must weep—
Before them there was lying
The shepherd of his sheep.

And his work was glorified,
For then was freedom born;
And when news spread far and wide
His country filled with mourn.

Let us now his reverence keep,
Who's numbered with the blest,
While his mortal ashes sleep
In the bosom where all rest.

CUTTIN' THE BEE TREE.

Bring out your docket, 'Squire, and take your pen
in hand,

An' listen to my troubles while I beside you stand;
I'm goin' to sue some feller, the feller who's called
Pat;

I'll jist let him know who he's been a poundin' at.

You see I've been a huntin' t'other day and got
some game,

An' when I got to a tree I shot an' missed my aim;
The shot had struck a limb and entered with a
wheeze;

As the smoke rose up I thought the woods was
filled with bees.

I shouldered my gun an' went to see that squabbly
lad,—

My brother-in-law who made me get so cussed mad.

Says I to him, "Say, Pat, I found a tree of bees;"

"Come an' help me cut it down," says I, "that's if
you please."

So waited we till evenin'—yes, night was on at that;

'Twas a little cool, but then we didn't care for that.

I took his wedge, an' ax, an' saw, he took two jars;—

The night,—a beautiful one,—was lit by moon and
stars.

I took my coat off then, Pat he pulled his'n too,
An' as we went to work nobody else about it knew.
I used the ax awhile an' cut a little edge;
We both then sawed awhile, an' then we set the
wedge.

So back we pulled the saw, the tree fell to the
ground,
The echo rose an' sent an everlastin' sound.
I took the ax again an' went to cut the limb;
'The bees soon found me out and made me their
victim.

I grabbed my cady hat to quell those dreadful
stings;—
O, how they went for me, those pesterin', buzzin'
things!
I flung my hat up in the sky, 'twas all in vain;
The more I'd fuss and fight, the more on me they'd
gain.

An' Pat jist laughed to see me toss my hands so
free,
F'or he had run an' hid behind another tree;—
“Be jabbers, I'd run away,” at last to me he said,
When I had fought the bees till I was nearly dead.

So then I run away—the bees, they did the same,
(I never thought Pat was playin' on me a game).
The bees, so thick 'round me I couldn't look up for
stars;
Then up went Pat an' dipped the honey into his
jars.

An' then said he: "Joost cum, an' we'll devoide."
At last the bees flew away, an' so I slipped aside;
I rubbed an' tried to ease my lumps an' painful
sores,
An' I believe there were more upon my skin than
pores.

I looked around an' found again my cady hat;
About the honey we soon began to raise a spat—
"The fullest jar is mine," I told him in the face;
"It's moine," he yelled at me, and started from his
place.

Of course, says I to him, "I found the tree, I did!
An' then I fought the bees while you had run an'
hid."
Says he: "Oi fetched the jars, what would you've
put it in;—"
Says I, "I'm sorry I have like you such kin."

So we exchanged more words an' then he knocked
my hat;
An' then he flew at me and mashed my nose nigh flat.
That's what brought me here to sue my squabbly
brother-in-law;
An' now I'm goin' to fix him, we'll settle accordin'
to law.

He's got the honey, too, he took it all away;
An' when you send for him, have him bring it to-day.
Well, now I've told my troubles, I'm ready for trial
to begin.—
Have you written it down allright, so he'll know at
what he's been?

Then up the 'Squire spoke, while proppin' his head
with his hand:

“I'll bring him in right away to confess his guilt
on the stand.—

Hello! Here's Pat on hand,—he's to it all agreed.—
I'll fine in this case both for assault an' battery,
indeed!”

Well, what's your bill, Mr. 'Squire? “We'll call it
a fifty dollar.”

I have but ten of mine, an' have no more to foller.

“You both must pay right up, for I must have cash
money,

And if you haven't enough I'll keep for balance the
honey.”

'NOTHER WAY.

I onct had heerd a cussin'
 'Bout habits, worst, an' bad,
That had been used by people
 This world on it has had.
How some men had been drinkin'—
 Would drink the ocean dry;—
That others were so lazy,
 They'd rather starve an' die
Than do a single labor
 To keep up staff of life;
Would fail to clothe their children,
 Forsake a lovin' wife.
Would often take to stealin'
 So as to get to pen,
Where they would get their boardin'—
 Were brought their meals an' then
Could nap an' be a restin',
 While we slaves had to toil;
An' we're laughed at, our habits,
 Until one's blood must boil.
Then up I spoke an' told 'em,
 The worst one that men had

Was cus an' raise the devil,
Whenever they got mad.
'That that's the worst one goin'—
In fashion every day,—
Where it would be much better
For men to stop an' pray.
An' so replied the factor,
Unconcerned an' bold an' gay : .
"No, sir; that's where you're wrong,
It's but 'nother way."
Be sure it is another,
That some men have to go
If they don't stop their cussin',
An' line up in the row
'That leads up to St. Peter,
Who holds Jehovah's key.—
'The door may even be barred,
Against eternity.

OUR TIPPECANOE.

There's been a lots of writin' (perhaps it's all quite true),

About the pleasant rivers, as poets like to do;
An' every one's a praisin' the stream near which
they're livin';

But theirs are not the only Mother Nature's given.

I know of one more elegant, an' it's very grand,
With bottom lined with jewels, an' banks of golden
sand;

An' rubblestones a pcepin', niellos here an' there;
An' pioneerin' waters singin' psalms of sweetest air.

In fellowship the brooklets, — not known otherwise, —
With fruits an' wines in valley as olden paradise.
An' the grain fields, so numerous with useful golden
sheaves;

An' the maple trees are shadin' with canopy of
leaves.

I've often sat beneath them with a cigar an' smokin',
An' cetch the sweetest fishes when they don't be a
jokin'.

An' it has many park groves for summer sunny
skies,
With cabin an' pavillion in Lowry's an' in Nye's.

These parks are thronged with strangers from the
distance, everywhere;
Some came here with their troubles and left with-
out a care;
You who do not believe me, come, an' with me
partake
One week of recreation with tent an' rope an'
stake.

We'll bathe within its waters'—an' wring all cares
out, too—
An' when the sun is risen we'll drink its mornin'
dew.

An' everything discovered, along a single stream,
It has in its possession, and sends forth every
gleam.

An' you have read in history of Shawnees an' their
rally,—
How they refused surrender, because they loved its
valley;—
How Har'son fought 'em Indians, an' chased 'em
round an' round,
Until he had 'em cornered down at the Battle-
ground.

It tells us many a story, it speaks of God above;
An' knows of faithful wooers, an' tells of truest love;
An' it heals the broken bans, an' bids their hearts
 renew;
An' the scen'ries are inducin' along this Tippecanoo.

I'll banner any feller to find a stream with beauty
One mark above this one, sir,—come, an' be on duty.
Now I don't mean to japer—perhaps you think it so—
But you can't beat this river,—I don't care where
 you go!

APRIL SHOWERS.

April showers are gently falling,
 'Tempting every living sprout,
Gloom of winter's disappearing,
 And the grass is peeping out.

With spring breezes rains are coming,
 Soft'ning the attractive air;
Between the clouds the sun is shining,
 Making blossoms everywhere.

In the pools the frogs are croaking,
 Up the lily starts to grow;
Up on tree-tops buds are forming,
 Beneath the Johnny-jump-ups glow.

Quickly up the clouds are coming,
 Quickly, too, they pass away;
The sun is shining, then 'tis hidden,
 And that many times a day.

In the field the plowman's teaming,
 And his coat hangs on the fence;
To'ard it quickly is he wading,
 Seeing showers coming thence.

'Round him birds are sweetly singing,
Singing songs of cheer so good;
Ahead the robin in the furrow
Picks the worm and flies to wood.

These are solemn, sacred blessings,
And they come unto us all
If we heed them in our strivings,
Then in vain they cannot fall.

Ere the showers pass on, sooner,
Sing the birds their soothing chime;
Above the sun's still brighter shining,
After showers every time.

And there's joy hid in these showers
For frozen hearts not yet thawed;
There's a gleaming in the rainbow,
Filled with promise and with gaud.

These April showers that are falling,
Tempting are they, and we should
Be tempted to be ever satisfied;—
They're coming for our good.

PATIENCE.

Have patience my friend
For God is above;
And there is no end
For life and for love.

Our day is not far
When we will unite
With Father and Star,
And everything's right.

Console your poor heart
When toils long do seem;
They'll be very short,
And pass like a dream.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A mother's love to all is plain and clear;
While moving onward in her strife,
She toils and struggles for her children dear
Till death will end her love in life.

Her boys and girls will often think of
What mother said and did, indeed;
Oh! where is she now? Where is her love?
They'll ask in time of greatest need.

Friends you may have, and have them frequent tried,
Yet their friendship may be brief;
But a mother's love is never denied,
And wails with you when chained in grief.

All days of her life her mercy follows you,
Regrets and wakes and stoops for all;
To her children she's always kind and true,
Whether grown or young, whate'er befall.

God pity the youth who seems to be so proud
To carelessly appreciate
His mother's love, so truthfully endowed,
That proves so firm, I dare elate.

And by her side please stand, let naught prevent,
Your mother's love for aye does bloom;
Or some day, up in years, you will repent,
When mother's hid beyond the tomb.

IN MY ALBUM.

While sitting in my parlor room,
And picking up the album there,
I turn the leaves till I behold
Before me two locks of hair.

Two locks of hair of a sim'lar hue,
Though a space of time between;
The one a father's bent with age,
The other a boy's, in his teen.

Both nearly white they seem to me
Though seventy year's apart;
Both in my breast feelings wake,—
In the depth of my own heart.

One feeling, which reminds me now,
As I must earn the daily bread,
That I once meek and innocent was,
And so fearless I had tread.

Of childlike credibility it tells,
Which know no troubles nor care;—
And I wishing back my youth again,
Before I become aware.

Oh! How the innocent ones, so joyous,
Tottering with little feet bare!

The world to them is full of promise;
Promising an obnoxious share.

Then trembling while my fingers touch
The other lock, soft and gray;
Of many careworn years behind
It tells me now of my way.

Blossoms have faded on the face below,
And moist'ning eyes use to glare;
Furrows of care have marked the skin
Beneath this gray lock of hair.

Oh, the grief-colored heart that swells his
breast!
Beating childlike as of yore;
His passing years are now but dreams,
Dreams that come nevermore.

Faithful and patient, for duty's sake
Has this smooth lock become gray;
Ere long his spirit takes flight to Him,
And the locks will turn to clay.

Helpless, lonely waiting for the change,
Now again in childish gear;
Stormbeaten, steadfast, yet God-fearing,
He vied many a servile year.

Guide me then, O Heavenly Father,
Through this world of desperate care;
My life is not yet half the way
Between these two locks of hair.

SHIFTING SHOREWARD.

We are growing old they tell us,
And it's left to us to save us;
Too swift, too swift life's boat's shifting,
Every year 'tis farther drifting.

New changes take the place of old,
Of coming days we're not foretold;
Old friends 're leaving, old customs change;
The present seems to us too strange.

And we have only recollections,
Are winning no more new affections;
Friends are fewer to regret us;
Deeper sorrow's coming o'er us,

As now we wonder what to do
To win salvation, save and true.
Earth's grasping us with firmer hold;—
All's vanity to live for gold,

Which makes our burden heavy and sad,
Nor makes it our immortals glad
Upon this world's outlandish shore;—
Hope can not be measured wherefore.

Dark clouds are coming over us
Beholding tempests raging thus,
As the years are slipping from us now,
And we must shoreward head our prow.

We the pilots must face the storms,
And split the dashing waves that form;
Nor fear the depths so dark below,—
When the bilge is safe the sails are so.

Only the brave, who strive persistent,
Can gain the shore without impressment;
With courage seek for good to do,
To win salvation save and true.

BILLY WHO?

Of old school-mates I think of yet—
And still a friend I'll ne'er forget;
Of whom I've writ, or talked aloud,
Either in private or in a crowd,
The oddest one,—I b'lieve 'tis true,
Was my room-mate called Billy Who?

In the Normal School at Terre Haute
We both were going to school—but
Billy didn't like the school a bit,
And neither did he stay with it;
The town he even had denied,
For he had not been satisfied.

His life some days quite happy seemed,
But some evenings when he dreamed
Of his dear home in Lakeside town,
He'd stretch his arms and gap and frown;
Thinking of his sweetheart a Forde
He'd sigh aloud: "O my good Lord!"

“Here I am now without a kin,
With a burden on me like sin;—
Such is it in the Terre Haute school?
Ah! Not very long will it me rule!
Soon will I leave this lonely place,
For I don’t want to share its grace.”

He’d talk about Psychology,
Make clear all its perplexity;
But to that dismal Rhetoric class
He didn’t like at all to pass;
And in his work in Algebra
He seemed to spend the best of day.

He took a part in athletics,
And, oh! how high he’d send his kicks;
And when he’d take the Indian clubs
He’d beat two-thirds of all the bubs;
He’d think from time to time he’d gain
More strength than Corbett use to claim.

For such he seemed to have a love,
But refused b’lief in Christ above;
And as for theory—it’s so,
He thought Bob Ingersoll did know
That Faith is naught in life spent here,
And too, that all seemed very queer.

The Bible seemed but a dead book,
Made up of faults and hook and crook.
With chums he argued very much,
And oft-time got them in a crutch;
His base was that of Thomas Payne,
The chums held to the Bible main.

And as for church he cared no cent;—
Nor seems he yet to be content;—
He says it may be better though
If he to church and school would go;
But on he lives year in year out,
In halfway b'lief and halfway doubt.

TALKIN' EDICATION.

Onct in instertute some fellers arg'ed—well,
Jist what dey arg'ed about was hard to tell;
Mebbe like many odders we can see,
Seemed to be in doubt what de basis be.

De question about which dem fellers fussed,—
An' fer a long time had dey it discussed,
Was edicatin' de young folks, of course;
An' dem fellers preached till dey got nigh hoarse!

Well, one feller 'rose up out of his seat,—
An' fer his name, dey called him Mr. Street;
An' de way de question he had blurred out,
You'd think all learnin' circled him about.

He 'lowed he was in his school de basis,
Jist like in some desert an oasis;
He said he believed in anything new,
He could teach de children jist what he knew.

Anodder feller got up who's called Pugh,
An' said: "I tell you, my friends, an' it's true,
Whenever you begin a new project,
You must take fer your basis de subject."

He 'lowed yet he wasn't so very small,
Upon his word he didn't contain it all;
An' whatever de subject taught may be,
It made a much better basis as he.

Jist then in came a man—an' he was no slouch,
De cheerman interduced him as Mr. Crouch;
He 'rose—a'dressed teachers on de issues,
An' sorter favored dhat idee of Pughs's.

An' way back in de room sot Mr. King,
De while he had been still—said not a thing!
But law—his face showed a long, sleepy grin;
He was jist waiten' fer a chance to begin.

Up he raised as if he wus very sure,—
Mebbe 'cause he wus a little more mature,—
An' said: "'There ha'n't no use in talkin' wild,
'The basis is the subject plus the child!"

Odders listenin' never helped to discuss
(Fer with dhese fellers dey wanted no fuss);
An' de way de question was caught an' caught,
De basis a'peared to be purt nigh ought.

Dey arg'ed, split hair an' wandered about
'Till, I believe every one was in doubt;—
Well dhere ain't no use goin' any fu'ther,
Fer ne'r'y one could gree with de other.

So often teachers fuss, an' preach, an' fly
With dheir theories way up, too high, too high!
Forgettin' de humble, an' meek, an' mild;
An' law me, de basis is but de child!

LADY GREEN.

I know a happy maid
Her name is Lady Green;
And if you listen now,
I'll tell you of this queen:

She is a pleasant maid,
And comes along in Spring;
She moves about this earth
And brightens everything.

Unseen she moves about,
With warmth and with delight;
She peeps into our hearts,
Salutes all things in sight.

Much joy she has for us,
This loving, merry queen;
We're glad to see her come,
This charming, happy queen.

IN INDIAN CREEK.

We've men who'll talk of worth and land,
They talk of clay, they talk of sand;
They're often heard, with tongue quite slick,
A murmuring 'bout their fruitless toil
 In Indian Creek.

They say elsewhere is better land
Producing more than clay or sand;—
No money's made, which makes them sick,
Their only hope for which they live
 In Indian Creek.

And then they say they lack true friends
To welcome them in odds and ends;
They mutter with their troubles thick:
“We've nothing here for pleasant life
 In Indian Creek.”

They struggle on with discontent,
And say if only naught prevent

'They'd move from here most awful quick;
'Twas useless here their time to waste
In Indian Creek.

Then move they 'way to other soil,
To somewhere seek an easier toil;
Then send they back their brags so thick
Of what they've gained since they've left
From Indian Creek.

Then all goes well for a few years,
When back they come eyes filled with tears,
All hopes departed, their hearts quite sick—
With friends they seek to live again
In Indian Creek.

O Indian Creek, you're grand I know!
No place on earth excels your glow!
And pleasure's found for well or sick,
Who wish to content their mind
In Indian Creek.

Your river scenes, your whole landscape,
Your atmosphere of which we gape,
Will light love's torch with brightest wick,—
The friends are true as anywhere
In Indian Creek.

My good, kind friends, where'er I dwell,
And getting on earth along quite well,
I'll ne'er forget my friends very quick,
And always long to be with them
 In Indian Creek.

But then, I hope, my good kind friends
(Whate'er may be our odds and ends),
Each of us, the whole combined clique,
Will meet again in a happier land
 Than Indian Creek.

THE NAVY'S PRIDE.

Nigh a sunny isle and Atlantic coast
Lost their lives, two-hundred-sixty Yankee hosts;
And too, laid waste a ship from unknown cause,
Which made Columbia's people grieve and pause.

That night flames lighted the heavens far and wide,
As the wreck was witnessed of our Navy's Pride;
Havana's streets were filled with awe and fears,
Death and desolation melted hearts to tears.

Brave Sigsbee stayed on till last, but in vain,
And lost, lost is the battleship, our Maine.
Many homes were made to mourn for their dead,
Who for their country sank to ocean bed.

Oh! the indelible deed of heartless birth!
Who would destroy a peaceful ship on earth?
Ah! Now such secret boasts that they have done;—
But Uncle Sam will soon have spoiled their fun.

And Uncle Sam, whose heart is large and brave,
Will send more sons to quell the unlearned knave;
And they will drop their hands for all they've done,
And wish their criminal deeds were all undone.

But it is hoped that savage war won't kill
One needless man, and "let there peace be still;"
And after sorrow, let be joy, I pray thee,
Lord, forgive, take them to thy glory.

HE'S WITH US YET.

He's with us yet! The shrine of him
Who was born on Virginia's shore;
And oft in our mind's deep cave, of him
We'll think forevermore.

He's with us yet! Whose feet were known
To tread upon America's land;
In battle-field was duty shown
By him who was so grand.

He's with us yet! Who ruled so well,
When he was honored president;
With screams of shot and burst of shell
The hero was content.

He's with us yet! Though angels may
Have called him to God's Heavenly dome,
And borne our dear loved one away;
He's yet in every home.

He's with us yet! The forest leaves
Whisper the life of Washington;
A tomb that towers above the leaves
Tells of this faithful son.

The patriot, who rests so long,
 Made glad the scenes of freedom's strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
 Around the tree of life.

Sleep, soldier, still honored in rest
 Is thy noble work and truth;
By the north, south, east and west
 You're known to every youth.

He's with us yet! 'Tis he of him
 Who sleeps upon Virginia's shore;
And oft in our mind's deep cave, of him,
 We'll think forevermore.

MEMENTO OF CHRIST.

There born within a manger,
A Redeemer for us all;
A welcome little stranger,
To raise us from the fall.

Delivered there at midnight,
In the very midst of dark;
For the world was needing light
From the little infant spark.

And well, to us, it's known
The world in darkness was;
Corrupted had it grown
With annihilated laws.

Although He might' been born
In the grandest palace hall,
Where wise men could adorn
As well as in that stall.

But then he wished to fare
With humble and with poor,
To make them all His heir,
And enter Heaven's door.

He came in cold December
To kindle the fire of love;
Christ's birth we should remember,
In memory aye approve.

All hail this merry child
That came down from above;
And endured this earthly wild
To sacrifice His love.

For well it's understood
He dwelt with us awhile
To make God's promise good;
He'll never us beguile.

Go tell his wonderful story,
And sing for Him a song;
For the Savior in His glory
In love will make us strong.

WANTING A LAWYER.

Once when I was staying with a farmer who I
thought had much,
That is according to property, and money, and
stock, and such;
I heard his wife a telling what she'd like to have
her boy to learn,
And have him a great, wise man, and his money
easy earn.
How she begged his Pa to send him off to school
and have him swell his head!
Quite frequent I would hear this story, which to
Pa she often said:

“ Well, Pa don't you think we'd better make som'-
thin' out of o'r boy that'll pay?
He's been a goin' to o'r school now fer purt nigh
six years, a'most every day.
The way he's been a readin' an' a cipherin' fer me
I think he's purty smart;
An' he tells me he's nigh gettin' of his teacher the
start.
An' then I think to keep him out of school we'd be
doin' him harm;
An' havin' him a workin' fer us, an' then spendin'
his life on a farm.

There's jist lots of other things that he could learn
to do, I know,
Where he wouldn't have to be a worryin' much nor
be a workin' so;
An' then I would anyhow like to have him be
som'body too;
An' have him som' day numbered with the chosen
people an' the few.
He's o'r only boy, an' I think we can spend a little
pelf
On him, that he can be a doin' som'thin' fer his
future self.

I think we'll jist send him to a school up here in
Canada, Pa;
I've heerd 'em sayin' they have a most wonderful
school up there in Ia'.
Don't care to send him to any of the schools here
in o'r state;
It's sich a common thing fer fellers to come home
an' their story relate
Of how they were treated, an' had to meal on
toothpicks an' a 'tater;
An' som'times tellin' others 'bout how they had
played a kind of traitor."

At last Pa agreed; and off to Canada this anxious
boy to school was sent.
It was the first part of the Spring when boys are
most on schooling bent;
When moving is in style, you know, and birds begin
to fly about;
When willows hair, and roads not dry enough to
let a fellow out;

When one will feel as if he'd like to change old
hopes for something new;
Then Ma filled up his trunk with books and clothes
and biscuits, not a few.

They took him, Ma and Pa both on the seat, the
son he sat between;
His heart beat high with ambition, his Ma was
proud as George's queen.

As they drove through town to reach the train, Pa
spoke up and gave his thought:

"I wonder, Ma, if this is for the best, an' this is
what we ought?"

Says Ma: "How would it look if we'd send o'r
boy to Noter Dame,

An' have him jist be a one-horse la'yer? No sir,—
we'd be to blame!"

All was still for some four weeks, when home the
boy had writ a letter,

Wherein he told his Ma the board was bad and the
school no better;

And too, he said he hadn't had in all that time
enough to eat.

(His stomick was bigger than most the farmer
boys', it couldn't be beat.)

His Ma just kept a worrying, and fretting, and
dreaming about their son;

The while I just enjoying it, and having about
them lots of fun.

One morning she said: "Now Pa, whatever we're
goin' to do, we'd better be at;

The child can't stand it much longer with sich
boardin as that!"

And so his Pa to him some money mailed with
which he might come home.
The neighbors around knew naught about it, why
he had so soon come home;
Why he did not complete his course, and none had
learned a single thing;
Some thought 'twas studying too much, he had to
carry his head in a sling.

Now when the boy's stomick was fed again he
tilled his father's farm;
His Ma would hate to hear about that school, and
no more gave alarm.
This boy is now a grown up man, who farms to-
day and will to-morrow;
He seems to be quite humble and content, but to
his mother's sorrow.
She builds no castles more up in the air for him
nor any others;
And he's no more to-day than any of his good
neighbor brothers.

But, of me, she often asked, what I thought the
people now would say,
If they found out their sad attempt and disap-
pointed way.
And then I'd say if they knew what I know of
going to northern schools,
They'd say with me: "My dear beloved friends
don't make your boys to fools.
The schools around your home are good enough for
all to learn that can.—
And if you'd like to have them great, just educate
them for a man."

AT THE BROOK.

Take heart, my friend,
Take heart, and come to the brook,
To the mild and healing brook;
Put gloom to end,—
Take heart, my friend,
And wash thy painful sores
Till the scabs will drop from the pores,
And you contend.

You have no need
For the aches wherewith you dwell;
The stream to you will tell
Bid gloom to speed;
And true, indeed,
That this brave stream, so grand,
Beside which we two stand,
Will for you plead.

Let hope have wing,
And let them spread and sweep,—
With faith within their keep,
Till the Seraphs sing,
And the song will bring

An everlasting chime,
In the fairest summer clime,
Where plagues won't sting.

The water's course,
Which asks not in its rush
One single aid or push
To give it force
To check the worse
Wind that will blow and bar,—
Rolls on without a scar
Within its course.

How grand the stream,
Catching rain, forming cloud,
With anointments endowed, '—
To me doth seem—
With the sun's gay beam
A healing from His grace
For every blemished place,
In wake or dream.

Take heart, my friend,
Don't let your hopes break down,
Humblest wear the biggest crown;
Put gloom to end;
The proud must bend,
Without a crown perchance;
You've still the better chance;
Take heart, my friend.

Take heart, my friend,
When all the world is mad,
And all good hopes get bad—
Or that way trend;
Aim for thy end,
Like the brave stream push on,
And bid thy aches “be gone!”—
Take heart, my friend.

MAY.

The beautiful month of May has come,
The happiest of the year,
With blossoms of purple and red,
With sunshine warm and clear.

The scenes are trimmed in brightest green,
And birds sing songs of cheer;
The brook is even singing its song,
Fragrance fills the atmosphere.

A canopy's on the forest trees,
And mild the springtime gale;
The honey-bee now looks for flowers,
Which grow on the hills and vale.

The spider draws her thread through the air,
And swings out from her nest;
The lambs in the pasture are bleating,
And May's a welcome guest.

The toiling arms are struggling out
In the air so pure and warm;
The soil is turned, and seed is sown,
And crops grow on the farm.

Let us scatter seeds of kindness
To cheer our neighbor's way;
Till them, so they'll grow forever,
In the happy month of May.

SLOW BUT SURE.

Slow but sure let's move alway,
Be doing a little every day;
Though long our task and weary,
Let's move along quite cheery.

Our daily toil performed with tool,
Or needed work assigned in school,
Perhaps may be in life's dark night
A weary task; "Just aim it right."

There're many toils that must be done
Before, you know, our Heaven's won;
And when we find our toils obscure,
Let's move alway—though slow, but sure.

SOME CHARMS OF WINTER.

When the winter sun is bright,
And the chilling air is calm,
Listen to kind Nature right;
You'll hear a sensational psalm.

Hear the gurgling sounds of streams
Underneath the glistening ice;
And a voice of echoes seems
Sending back a costly price.

Occasional songs of winter birds
Give charm to increasing joys;
Musical is the lowing of herds,
For less are we wont to noise.

The crumpling of hardened snow,
'Neath the schoolboy's slippery feet,
Gives a tone of music, so
He feels the air calm and sweet.

And rustling of zephyr seems
Living notes in solitude,
Like some pure and pleasant dreams,
Increasing joys in multitude.

All day trees so stately tower
Into skies so blue and grand;
And at times a pearlish bower
Indexes love of God's hand.

Night is come, the silver moon
Gleams proudly o'er silent dells,
Less solitary than in June;—
All earth sounds like humming shells.

We'd know but half of Nature,
If we could not breathe and gape
From winter atmosphere, pure,
And the cooling breeze of landscape.

TO THE RIVER.

You are my friend,
Each morn we meet,
Each night we part,
While in our fleet.

Each day, I know
You greet me true;
How I do love
Your ev'ning hue!

Your water's clear
As e'er I've seen;
Your banks can give
The brightest green.

You smile on me
So many times;
Your music comes
In various rhymes.

In thoughts of ill
You steal my heart;
I know full well
You do your part.

Your riffles tell,
And so your sod,
Above me is
A loving God.

Smile on for me,
While I live life;
We're wed together
Like man and wife.

I must retreat,
But you need not;
You'll creep along
When I'm forgot.

You are my friend,
My heart's with you
Where're I bé,
Tippecanoe.

CONTEMPLATION.

The days decline and the years are brief,
And we must wither like the green;
The time's too short for worry and grief,
Don't sigh, O soul, glow forth with sheen.

Go look for brighter things of life,
Sunshine's destined for the soul;
Discard the dreary, flexile strife,
Withdraw from obdurate dole.

What grand displays about our feet
Connive at us to choose the good;
It's now we walk the sunny street
To reconcile a brotherhood.

Go wrought for you some noble deeds,
And climb the heights which stand for good;
For it is writ for him who heeds,
The Lord for such His mercy would.

From Heaven the Lord is looking on,
Regarding sinners in their prayer;
And this should be a world of sun;—
O, King of Zion, hear my prayer!

O, God of mercies, I humbly praise!
Bestower of gifts and joy and bliss!
Direct for pilgrimage thy ways;
Refrain our hope for avarice.

PATRIOTIC INDIANA.

I. DEPARTING.

I'm going to leave to-morrow, I'll take the morning train;

For Indiana's men are wanted to help allay crude Spain.

I'll be soon at Chickamauga, there wait to leave the shore,

To be borne upon the Atlantic, and enter Cuba's door.

For every heart that beats for Heaven, must share his brother's fate;

Wherefore I leave for Cuba with men from every State.

So I've come to you, my darling, to bid you, dear, farewell;

For my love is yours for always, lest quenched by Spanish shell.

Fare you well, my darling lover! My darling sweet Johanna!

I'm going to leave to-morrow,—leave you in Indiana.

To my throat my heart is leaping as I give you now a kiss.—

“Oh! Come you back, my darling lover! My heart breaks down at this!”

“Come you back from the land of sunshine, when
Cuban soil is free!

Come you back to dear Indiana! Oh, come you
back to me!”

“But I fear this tie is sundered, be carved by
Spanish swords;

And I may see you never more, no more can hear
your words.”

“Dear, I’m loth to have you leave me, but know
they’re needing you;

Uncle Sam must fill his mission, and you must
help him through.

Cuba’s needing Yankee soldiers, and other places
are;

For the tyrants will not heed us till conquered
with a war.”

I’ll return to you, my darling, when Cuba’s soil is
free;

When Cervera’s fleet is shattered, his ships sunk
in the sea.

But, if “yellow jack” comes on me, or wound I
might receive,

And I near Moro Castle lying, don’t weep for me
or grieve.

I’ll come back to you, my darling, when Cuba
parts from Spain;

You know she slew my brothers, and I well re-
member the Maine.

When war is o’er and peace proclaimed, I’ll come
back to you once more;

Come back and live with you so happy, and part
from you no more.

And then when Cuba's independent, we'll visit
therê together;
We'll visit there together in the warm and sunny
weather.
We'll quarter in Santiago, and live on tropic
fruits;
When Cuba has a government, where men are no
more brutes.

Fare you well, my dear intended, and this the
parting kiss!
Remember me in prayers daily, that God may
give me bliss.
I'm going to leave to-morrow, I'll take the morn-
ing train;
For Indiana's men are wanted to help allay crude
Spain.

II. SUBVERSION.

I've come back to you, my darling, come back
across the sea;
For the war with Spain is over, and Cuba's soil
is free.
If you choose to hear my story, I will tell you of
the news:
I've been wounded, and I'm crippled, and suffered
many a bruise.
But my heart beats strong with love yet, and oft
I thought of you;
Mauser bullets could not sunder, no falchion cut
in two.
While I lay at Morro Castle I wondered if Johanna
Knew that I was wounded badly far from dear
Indiana.

Now Uncle Sammy's banner floats there, Cervera's
fleets is lost;
General Toral has surrendered, and Garcia was
our host.
Our ensign Hobson's out of prison, Santiago
stained with blood
From the bravest hearts of heroes, each fought
as understood.

William Shafter was successful, our boys have
gained the day;
We have left our commissary with the starving
where they lay
On green sod of sunny Cuba; we sank theirs in
the sea;—
Sammy's Yankees are the loving, and they've set
the Cubans free.

We have gained for Cubans freedom, now let
them rule their soil;
Uncle Sammy must not rule them, not victors
claim the spoil.
The Yankee mission is completed, long remem-
bered will it be;—
Yankee soldiers fought for brothers, and they've
set the Cubans free.

Yes, I'm back with you, my darling, but I'm not
the same to-day;
Not the same sound body that went from you
away.
I've a wound here in my shoulder, and am crip-
pled in the knee;
But I love you just as truly, for we've set the
Cubans free.

“ You are welcomed back, my lover, though crippled you may be;
For you’ve done no more than duty, for which you
crossed the sea.
Anglo-Saxons have the honor, and their work has
been sublime;
And the mission was for Heaven, no mission’s
more divine! ”

Divine our mission was undoubted, Cubans are no
Druses;
They pay no tribute to the Spanish, nor suffer
more abuses.
Let the Peace Commission subserve, let Cuba
have the gain;
And Indiana men were wanted to help allay crude
Spain.

COMMEMORABLE.

Hail the queen of nations,
The mistress of earth,
Hail the nation most pure,
Of the Christian birth.

Hail you queen of the earth,
Spread God's love! Spread Christ's birth!

Hail the star of all freedom,
With charity embellished;
God of the Heavens you chose,
Your fervor He relished;

Hail you queen of the earth,
Spread God's love! Spread Christ's birth!

Hail the nation of hope,
The gate of the east;
Where man for man will die,
And serfdom has ceased;

Hail you queen of the earth,
Spread God's love! Spread Christ's birth!

Hail the blood of Saxons,
 Emblem of land and sea;
Be you of the faithful,
 The refuge of the free,
Hail you blood of the earth,
Spread God's love! Spread Christ's birth!

Then hail to the freedom,
 The wish of mankind;
Hail Republic of the west,
 Like Byblis inclined;
Hail true spirit of the earth,
Spread God's love! Spread Christ's birth

A FISHERMAN AN' HIS DOGS.

Onct there wus an old man, led a simple hermit's
life;
He hadn't any children, he hadn't any wife.
He patched up his own clothes, an' wore all time
the same;
An' all the work he'd do wus fish an' hunt fer
game.

He had a little hut w'ich he had built of logs;
An' all that dwelt with him wus two brown curly
dogs.
The hut stood on the bank of a little rapid stream;
Its doorway was so small an' kinder with it did
lean.

All day with dogs an' gun he potted round fer
game;
An' sot upon the bank when even' wus, er came.
His dogs wus seen with him jist anywhere he went;
An' one without the others would not have been
content.

W'en he would quit his sport, fer to go to bed o'
night,
He lie down on his bed without a single light;
His dogs slep' underneath, an' laid beside the gun;
An' there they'd dream their dreams until the morn-
in' sun.

An' w'en came breakfast time some fish he'd simply bake;

An' then they'd roam ag'in, the only meal they'd take.

He never made a friend,—an' never lost indeed;
He'd never pluck a flower, an' never pull a weed.

Often neighbors went to call on him after night,
But he would shut his door an' keep clear out o' sight;

An' w'en they found him out they simply stayed away;

An' never went they back another single day.

Up came a storm, one early morn,—'twus ragin' high;

The roof first left the hut, within asleep they lie.

Next thing, the hut wus in a heap w'ich left the slope;

An' I ha'n't heerd if his soul is dead er lives in hope.

DELL'S TEST.

'Twas on an island, far out in the sea,
A couple resided so loving and glee.
They newly were married, when love is but true;
Their cares were not many, their troubles were few.
Their thoughts run together, like magnetic steel;
So sat they together at many a meal.

At evening time, when home had come Dell,
She asked of his work and asked if he's well.
Then telling how lonesome she was the whole day,
Her notion had been to travel his way,
To greet him with kisses—an anxious, sweet meet-
ing—
She loved him quite truly, it's useless repeating.

His supper was ready, on the table it stood,
They ate it together—it tasted so good.
Thought he, there ne'er a woman was truer,
To make man's life happy;—they're certainly fewer
Of the kind he had chosen to make a good wife;
And make man feel happy every day of his life.

So went she to meet him one glowing good ev'ning,
She knew him sincere and ever was pleasing,
To walk by his side till entered the door,
And talk of glad tidings they talked of before;
When suddenly asking: "My darling sweet Eva,
Will always your love be as true as this day?"

Then smiling a little she gently replied:
She loved him as truly if ever he died;
And said she'd risk her life him to save—
She'd step before danger if 't dug her own grave;
So lis'ning carefully he thought how some night
He'd see for himself if her sayings were right.

While working one day he thought of a thing;
When home he'd go the news he'd bring:
How an angel saw him and told him to leave—
What weeping there be; how Eva would grieve.
To enter his house-yard he came from the barn,
First hiding a chicken and a wallet of corn.

On reaching the threshold he told her the yarn!
An angel had told him: First go to your barn,
And get all things ready, have them done right;
He'd be after him at eleven that night.
Excited said Eva, she had an advice,
She'd have him take her for a sacrifice.

Then said he, "All right, my wife, you're true;
"The loving are the daring," I always it knew.
When supper was over they kissed their farewell;
She went to the room where the angel should dwell;
Then said he: "Darling, I must hide in the cellar
To keep from the eye of the angel propeller!"

His plan was succeeding, he did it just then;
Back stepped he, out softly, and got the old hen;
Now scatt'ring the corn as he opened the door,
He let the hen down to walk the bare floor.
She picked up the corn and pecked the floor hard;
Eva screamed with excitement: "He's not here,
My Lord!"

“He hid in the cellar, O, quite a good spell,
And there you’ll find him my husband dear Dell!”
“And if you must take him, O, what shall I do!
And we hate to be sundered, our love is so true.”
“Poor Dell must now go, I’ll be left here alone,
Bereft and forsaken, how often I’ll moan!”

Dell found it himself, a proof, and a test;
He never had told it ere he entered his rest.
When darkness had broken he asked his dear wife
Who the angel had taken in place of her life.
She said to her husband: “I slept the whole night;
No angel appeared there, none was in sight.”

So they lived together in their pleasant small home,
Hoping to happen when the angel would come.
He’d take them both if he ever took one,
To meet the good Father and dwell by His Son.
Love swells to the test, it’s true the world wide,
But truest in danger when it is applied.

LEAST PRAISE.

We all have certain habits,
And all have certain ways;
But he who has the best ones,
Oft gets the least of praise.

LAST DAY OF SCHOOL.

My kind youths, I have no harp to play you,
No words in tune that I could sing to-day.
Yet ere we go, some brief lays I'll give you
 For every day.

We've in our days much friendship truly gained,—
Yes, from the dawn of school till to it's night;
Now, let it by all fore'er be retained—
 Hold fast with might.

Though green leaves and flowers and sunny weather
Contribute joy to your coming vacation,
Think often of your books and do favor
 A recitation.

Be good and true and shun the evil ever;
Make use of your talent, not dream all day;
And live life noble, and it'll last forever;—
 Is one true lay.

Blessings be with you and eternal praise;
May love in your school days the future swell,
Till your hearts unto Heaven so grand will raise;—
 My lays, farewell!

IN JUNE.

What excels grandeur of Nature's limn?
Everything's garmented in green trim;
A harmony throughout the course
Can now be seen in all her force.

The June garland of the shadowy trees,
Flowers giving fragrance to the breeze;
Occasional showers, due with freshness
Give this wondrous life its fulness.

From twig to twig birds are flitting,
And the branches gently swaying;
And prattling are the leaves so green,
Among which insects may be seen.

The buzzing bees are swarming about;
The anxious herds are feeding out;
The turf's alive about our feet,
And foliage above's complete.

Above and below is beauty spread;
Then let in self no discord thread
Destroy a luring realization,
Nor lessen cheerful appreciation.

Consecrated, he who Nature gains,
And drowns in him discordant strains;
Then let us be by her redressed,
Infallibly we'll twice be blessed.

SELF-ACTIVITY.

(To a Graduating Class.)

I.

All the great since the days of old,
Who have become heroes of Fate,
Have fought life's battles just like we;
Self-acting made them what they were,
Though education limited,
And while advantages were few,
No halt was in their providence.
Moving, ever moving onward
Toward their destined end or aim;
Was their intention always such,—
Made rich their fame and great their deeds,—
Yet fame had not been what they sought,
For when it's sought it ne'er will come;
And deeds are great when rightly done.

II.

How insignificant man seems!
Compare him with the shining sun
And think him on his lonely spot,
Aside all planets hold him up—
But a living speck, that is he.
Physical law may bound his chance,
So he's no more than stake or stone;

When viewed as such he is no more;
To stone oft times he petrifies,
Or moulders like the wooden stake—
A speck of dust all's left of him.
Is he not insignificant?
Among the least of moving things;--
Of all the living force there be
Not one can move itself but he.
Ought else can't will nor think nor do;
For himself man thinks, wills and does.
Can the sun do this himself?
Nay, nor any planet of the Way!
So self-acting can man become
To advantage he can use them all;
Inmolds their light, brings far to near;
With his feet he steps upon them;
Leaves his foot prints on their make;
With his thought he ponders o'er them,
And from them all takes his nourish.
Then it is self-activity,
The standard estimate of man.
With superior power man's endowed
To recognize within himself,
For acting, possibilities;
These possibilities, when roused
Will with greatness overwhelm him.

III.

Such did the heroes of the past,
Thinking, willing, moving higher;
Not fame they searched the heights upon
But searched for love and truth alway.

IV.

The ladder is before you placed;
At foot you stand, one step you've made.
Forestretch your hands, proceed to climb—
Upward climb patiently, my friends;
Keep moving, seeking all your way
For truth and love, for your ideal.
True greatness is not for a few;
All can be great who will and do
Continue self-activity,
And live and die a Godlike man.

BE BUSY.

Be busy every hour,
Through sunshine, storm and shower;
With int'rest spend them well,
No time there'll be to dwell
With troubles, or to brood
O'er cares that will intrude,
And bondage us to ill;
Let expectations fill
Each hour until life's close,
And night's filled with repose.

ONE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

One sweet, faithful friend there be
When the world has left from me;
One who cared for me in childhood,
Caring still while on my way
Struggling onward through this wildwood;
Bears with me my burdens aye.

One for whom I speak this word—
Good shepherdess for her herd,
Is mother with a mother's heart.
In my shadows she's a light,
With sympathies that ne'er depart;
Sad in gloom and glad in bright.

Though the world will me despise
With its falsehood and disguise,
Would bring down all my ambition;
Then my mother with her prayer
Pleads to change all such condition,
And bids me never to despair.

Oft I've trampled on her heart
When a thoughtless youth—somewhat
smart;—
Forgot her kindness, all so sweet,
As I failed to understand
Those loving words that she'd repeat,—
Only giving right command.

Oft she soothed my fevered brow;—
And she'd do it for me now,
As she did in days long since past,
When I nursed upon her breast;
And childish laughs would come at last,
As she sang me oft to rest.

As I wander through this world,
And my hopes are all unfurled,—
And yet as poor, without a gain—
Expectations coming slow;
E'er left with cares and tired brain,
Gushing tears of deepest woe,

Still my mother plays her part,
With my shadows in her heart,
Would aid me if she only could;
Though her figure's creased with years,
Yet type of faithful womanhood,
Sheds with me my gushing tears.

Spare her for me, Son of God,
No truer friend ever trod
With me my path of life, so steep,—
Firm she steps as years ago;
E'en prays for me before asleep;
She would leave me not alone.

Life's battles she fought through bold
In weary toils and storms cold;
And when shall come her day of rest,
On her grave let Moss Rose bloom.
Take away the cursed toil for zest;
Beset her in a jeweled room.

GOING TO STRIKE.

Sir, we're going to quit to-night, for you no more
we'll pick;—
Or pay us what you ought, and make your mind
up quick.
We're working ten hours a day, we only ought to
eight;
The pay meets not our wants,—working each night
till late.

Now you've cut the wages still, we know no reason
why!
Our families need the drop, how can we them sup-
ply?
And our house rent's very steep, the grocer bill on
top;
And the miller wants his cash;—reinstate or we'll
stop!

We've formed a Labor's Union, and now we're going
to strike;
And you have but two chances, now take whiche'er
you like.
We've got the fly-wheel labeled, the miner's shaft
must close
If you don't pay the wages that we to you pro-
pose.

Not one laborer of our gang will dare to work for
you

Until the whole thing is agreed, if not we'll fight
it through.

“Well, sir; upon my judgment, no increase shall
begin it;

And the scale is going to stand, no change will be
made in it.”

“I'll go and get another gang, and keep a moving
The miner's trucks and spindles, without your
gang's approving.

The profit is too shallow, we cannot meet your
mark;

The business is so stupid, we're getting into dark.”

And that's the way we're living; each one looks for
himself;

And each would take the profit, and each would
box the pelf.

The whole concern's a motive, where none can see
the other;

More harmony is needed, each recognize a brother.

A voice speaks to us daily, it haunts us after night,
That each should share the profit, and each should
have his right.

The whole world is God's hand'work, in which we
all must share;

And each must live for Heaven, live he how, when
or where.

CHILDREN AT SCHOOL.

Happy little maidens,
Sitting in the shade;
Talking to their playmates
About the games played.

Laughing in the sunshine,
Talking rather gay;
Wondering what the boys said,
'Cause they wouldn't play.

Playing ball and chasing
Were the little boys;
Joyous at the game and
Making lots of noise.

Standing at the window,
(Looking rather tall)
Was the teacher laughing,
See them run and fall.

Be they always merry
In their happy youth;
Learn their lessons also,
And enjoy the truth.

WHAT WE OWE.

'Tis but a thank we need to offer,
Naught God asks of us beside;
'Tis a duty which we should follow,
And our deeds are glorified.

From His bounty He is giving
Many blessings down, so free;
He gives no strain of grief, the Master,
Wherefore His excellency.

For His love which we're now sharing,
The angel which is guarding,
Who'll watch and wake all time o'er us;
Keeps from our souls bombarding.

For our health, which He's been preserving,
For kind Nature's words we hear;
We should thank for all blessings of life,
Echoing graces in our ear.

And O, how kind the blessed Master!
We should thank Him for His will;
And when for justice He will smite us,
Trembling we should thank Him still.

THAT YOUNG 'UN.

I tol' my wife one day that young 'un was so sweet;
He's jus' as good a chil' as ever I did meet.
I couldn't slap him, no, nur would I use a stick,
Because he's full of joy, an' every kind of trick.

He acted jus' like me, an' climbed upon my knees;
An' give me a sweet kiss, together with a squeeze.
He use to scratch my face, an' throw my pipe away;
An' you'd jus' simply laugh, to see that young 'un
 play.

Use to whistle for him an' he would dance the tune!
An' when I'd tantalize he'd hit me with a spoon.
He arg'ed with me much, an' allus hel' his part;
When I'd say: "Don't do that;"—an' there he got
 the start.

Wunst we arg'ed, an' long, I fin'ly let him go,
Because he run away; an' he begged me so
I couldn't whip the chil'; so I just thought him
 smart
Fur such a winnin' plea,—an' there he got the
 start.

An' he was gettin' so—my wife ne'er thought it
strange—

That he'd just tell me: "Hush!" But then I thought
he'd change.

An' now he's nearly twelve, an' still a gettin' worse;
An' when I give command, he echoes back a curse.

An' he don't care fur me, I can't make him obey;
An' when I get the whip he simply runs away.
My wife she tells me now: it is all my own toil;
The way I use to do, most any young 'un'd spoil.

An' if you knew my care, how I must take the blame!
Be careful with your chil' that it don't be the same;
An' if you give command, jus' let 'em know you're
dad;

Though they may be sweet youths, don't spare too
much the gad.

JOHNSON AND JOE.

Johnson had a mate, whose name was Joe, with
whom he frequent strolled;
He's a bigger man than Johnson, and pretends to
be quite bold.
Sunday evenings they often go together to see
their loving maids;
And at times go out riding, when their dads don't
make invades.
Of course it is not seldom that they must go on
foot;
And they go some very dark nights,—Joe has a
pistol to shoot.

One night the two together left, as it was grow-
ing dark;
No moon was seen,—they crossed o'er hills,—no
star to lend its spark;
When Joe began, as on they started: “One such
night I saw a ghost,
Which stood before me face to face, like an ele-
phant almost.
Stand back! stand back! or else I'll shoot you on
the spot.”
Says I: “It never moved nor spoke, then, bang! I
fired a shot.”

“For a moment I looked and listened, but heard no
shriek nor moan,
After watching and waiting in that dark and dis-
mal monotone
Going forth, I then approached it from the dark
and cloudy west;
As I the spot beheld, found no trace of my un-
welcomed guest.
Fearless, I have faced the presence of death 'fore
many a frightful form;
To meet, I have no fear, for things can't do me
any harm.”

Then up spoke Johnson: “O, Joe! My blood is
cold and chills;
Let us turn back! I fear to roam among those
haunted hills.
You may perhaps not fear to meet with men nor
beasts nor ghosts;
But I don't care to meet, with twenty warriors
armed, such hosts.”
Says he to him: “I never saw, they say there is a
light
Beyond yon hill, after 'leven, the very darkest
night.”

But Joe replied: “Let it,”—his trembling fingers
made a grasp,
And raised that pistol from his hip, and out in
darkness clasped.
Silently going, nearer, nearer, ere long they
reached the hill;
And Joe's heart made heavy beats, they spake no
word, kept still.—

At once, the light blazed!—That hour, angrily
near the ground.—

“Look! it’s glaring at us!” cried Johnson with a
frightened sound.

“Look! Look! The spirit’s quivering through the
darkness of the night!”

“I’ll—ll—ll—sh—oot you!—(shoots). You better
take your flight!”

As the shot was fired,—Joe surprised on its re-
main, quaked and winced.

Trembling, he bade Johnson to flee, and flexile
Joe then flinched;

Down from the hill to’ard whence they came,
cranelike he fanned the air.

Johnson stood, for his jest was played,—he knew
what had been there.

Like palsied he shook and laughed to hear his
comrade part the dew.

Foxfire was all; which proved to Johnson what is
always true.

Now if, perchance, you cast your eyes one mo-
ment on this lay,

Instant you’ll say with me: Such boasts prove
out still every day.

In music a loud and boisterous tone’s not always
a sacred lyre,

The melody so oft drops out and leaves behind
foxfire.

A ROSEBUD.

Somewhere lost in yesterday,
Down along life's journeying way,
 In pleasure hour,
 A Rosebud flower;
Velvet feeling on its tips,
Such as found on childish lips.

Oft the image comes before
Us all, in some dream galore,
 Of pleasure hour
 The Rosebud flower,
Hidden in the treasures past;—
Petals swept by stormy blast.

And all of us, seeking there,
Yearning for the pathway fair
 In pleasure hour
 The Rosebud flower;
But our steps have onward turned,
Scorching heat the Rosebud burned.

Gales have crossed the path between;
Yearnings fail, and ne'er is seen
 The pleasure hour,
 The Rosebud flower,
While we're on this foreign shore—
Only as in dreams of yore.

A mist is o'er the mystery,
But we strongly hope to see,
 In pleasure hour,
 The Rosebud flower,
Somewhere lost in yesterday—
Where it will bloom in Hea'en aye.

DEATH.

Thy death is but a change for good,
If thou has rightly understood
The way to live, and lived that way;
No need is for a dreary day,—
When it oft times thy form enshrouds,
Makes throb the heart, and conscience clouds,

Go tread thy footsteps, one by one,
And these dark clouds will soon be gone.
Kind Nature seeks to soothe thy care,
And keeps thee ever from despair,
Till thou hast gone to take thy rest,—
Thy figure sleeping in Her breast.

And when thou'rt numbered with elect,
And all thy kin has shown respect
With planted flowers that will grow
On thy grave, while nourished below;
Or weeping willows that unfold
Their branches, while their roots thee mold;

And stones retain thy name and word,
As costly as thy friends afford,
Be set up at thy feet and head,
With epitaph thereon oft read
By those who wander at thy mound,—
Still keep thy image under ground;

Then history will thy life record;
All thy good deeds will there be stored.
The future generations far
Behold thee as a shining star;
And tread their footsteps one by one,
Until far west has set their sun.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

When I j'ined church we sang the gospel hymns,
I've sung 'em o'er since forty-eight;
Them days we didn't hear those later whims,
Now sung by every graduate.

We used to think that pebbles grew to stone,
An' I was sure I saw 'em grow;
An' once I read the tale of Orpheus's tone,
Which moved the rocks it charmed 'em so.

An' Billy Smith, as I remember well,
Give us the plainest kind of test,
When he of rocks in his own field would tell—
An' now, you mind, this is no jest.

On his farm he had a five-acre spot
From which he hauled two-hundred cord;
The land all new, he left—I most forgot—
I think to have his health restored.

He moved back there again in sixty-five,—
'Bout twenty years had passed around,—
There was the whole five-acre field alive
With rocks that just came through the ground.

With two big oxen yoked, for days an' days,
He then hauled rocks just as before;
When through, a heap did he so highly raise,
It measured up two hundred more.

I read the Bible nearly alway through,
An' use to think it all held good;
An' every verse that's written there was true,
If what I read was understood.

I read in there—I can't just tell you where:
God made the sun, moon, stars an' earth;
An' also made beasts, an' the plants to bear;
An' last, he gave to man his birth.

An' ever since I read those lines myself,—
An' they are surely right—they must,
Thought God had made man's image like Himself,
An' made his body out of dust.

But, what to-day, my friends, is there to base
 Upon our theories an' debate?
Our solemn, firm beliefs have lost their trace
 In the newly college graduate.

They've studied in the great, good Book, they say;
 Have read in it with lines between,
Until the thoughts have come to them, to-day,
 (They think they're wiser and more keen.)

'That this whole earth was all one rock, at first,
 A piece that broke loose from the sun;
An' that it had been hot an' cooled an' burst;
 Disintegration then went on.

An' that this change was goin' on until
 The plant-life sprung up everywhere;
An' say our rubblestones, along the hill,
 That break so many plowmen's share,

Will be some day no more than grains of soil,
 Perhaps just leave a bit of clay,
Just like when comes our end of life's hard toil,
 We'll go the change that very way.

An' what gits me the most of all, I hear:
 " 'That man's an animal," they say;
Tellin' us Adam came from them—so queer;—
 That's what they preach us now-a-day!

An' I just can't believe that that is so,
 Though Darwin wrote a book to prove;
Why, where in the world will our Bible go,
 When we'll be thinkin' in that groove?

I sometimes argue with 'em, when I can,
 An' just give 'em my very best;
But those youngsters say: I'm a backwoods man,
 My arguments don't stand the test.

No use to quarrel with 'em, they're holdin' fast
 To their theories an' their text;
And say their theories have come to last—
 I wonder what they'll think up next?

We'll all agree, an' we can't disagree,
 That God is the maker of us still;
An' though we've searched to find His mystery,
 We can't yet comprehend, nor will.

Go trace up science wher'er you will and can,
Let us have come from what it be;
Let stone an' beast be kin to mortal man,
Believe your immortality.

PEARLS THAT SHINE.

In deepest water of the sea,
Too deep for mortal eyes to see,
 Are jewels fine,
 Some pearls that shine;
No one has yet discovered them,
No one has yet admired them,
 Down in the deep,
 Where they still keep.
Were they beneath the bright sunshine
Attracted eyes would call them fine,—
 Admire their spark
 As light in dark.
Some hopes there are for hearts of will,
Hid from the world in depths so still,
 If we but think
 To cast a blink—
Discover them to keep, and would
Admire them for our own good;
 They're jewels fine,
 Like pearls they'll shine,
Attract the eyes where angels see
In sunlight of Eternity.

A GERM.

In every babe's a germ of truth;
When given guide and needed care,
Good influences every where,
The child grows up a model youth.

PAT PLOWING CORN.

Woh! woh! haw! haw! gee! gee! gee—ee!
Bill! thunder an' nation, can't you see?
Where're you goin'?—clear out—gee—ee!

 You're breaking down the corn;
Confound you! Just look what you've sp'iled;
I guess restin's makin' you wild.—

 You'd better not been born.

Pat who liberately liked his ale
Was plowing corn in a little vale
Hard by the countryville, Bloomdale.

 Leaving his mongrel and plow,
There hitched to a barbwire fence for a time,
Began his way up the hill to climb,—

 Effacing sweat from his brow.

And on the hill he met Jim Carr;
So their crave, not easy to mar,
Soon settled them before the bar.

 Jim,—if I remember right—
Had set the first drink up to him,
And then he “set 'em up” to Jim;—

 Both having appetite.

One "set 'em up" brought another on,"
Until the whole forenoon was gone;
And when the barley both had won,
 Then left Pat for the vale;
Reeling down very fast from the hill,
He soon had loosened braying Bill.—
 Nearly blind from the ale.

Pat turned around to plow a row,
When, "Come to dinner," called his Joe;
But he went on to plow,—to go,
 And left his son behind.
But Bill, of course, did heed the call,
Made his impeller leap and sprawl,—
 Stagg'ring along half blind.

And Joe looked on, and wondered so,
To see his father straddle the row;—
What in the world had made him go
 Reeling, reeking through the corn!
And so he left and told his ma;
O'ercome with heat had been his pa,
 Was sick and hunger worn.

But she knew of Pat's longing thirst,
Which often forth her tears made burst
(Such overcoming is the worst);

She sanctioned what Joe had told,
And only hoped he ne'er found out
That drinking gave his pa the gout.—
Her heart was chilled and cold.

Ho! Ho! yea! yea! see! see! see—ee!
Man, thunder and nation, can't you see?—
Where're you going?—clear out—see—ee!
You're breaking down your corn;
I implore you! Just look what you'll spoil:
I guess drinking's taking your toil.—
You'd better not been born.

'63 OF '98.

I.

Things are not like they used to be—
Remember well in 'sixty-three
A civil war was going on,
Most able-bodied men had gone.

We know the time when Uncle Sam
Had bursted the Confederate plan;
When Grant stepped into "The Hawk's
Nest,"
And every army fought its best.

How Chickamauga hearts were bleeding—
Hearts of men from the same breeding,
As foes, met at the "River of Death,"
And very near all out of breath.

Conquered was Gettysburg by Meade;
Lee's forces failing fast in speed;
And war, the thought in every crowd;
E'en fought a battle in the cloud.

And not forgotten will be all,
When freedom echoed: "Serfdom fall"—
And Sherman's march has reached the sea—
Things are not like they used to be.

II.

Things are not like they used to be,
And both parties have crossed the sea
To help destroy the servile blunder,
Which very near put them asunder.

And at this time has Uncle Sam
Put down the reign of Spanish plan.
And Dewey broke another nest;—
Well, every army fought its best.

Side by side both parties stood,
Chickamaugans by northern blood;
Both met their fate without a pause,
And fought for love, a noble cause.

And ne'er forgot will be their hand;
Their record speaks in every land.
They march together to the sea,—
Things are not like they used to be.

MIKE'S OL' FIDDLE.

'Pears jist like, when I heer some music an' folks
sing,
An' ol' tune comes up to my ear—can heer it ring.
Of course, 'twas in de ol' fashion airs it was played;
It seems, it lays de new music all in de shade;—
Was more pleasure in it, like ol' games an riddle;
An' dis tune flowed from de cords of Mike's ol'
fiddle.

I've heerd de songs with banjos, an' de tender flute;
Also de clarionet, an' fife men play "tute-tute,"
While de martial drummer kept de time with his
beat.
An' heerd de mandolins, which folks say sounds so
sweet;
But their tunes are wantin' pleasure—enjoyed little;
An' de tunes I heerd, had all, from Mike's ol' fiddle.

It kind er seems, when young folks play de piano;
Er de organ, er zither, er sing soprano,
Dhere's som'thin' lackin' in ambition er dheir will,
So anxious listeners wished dey would stop—were
still.

An' dheir music seems to be enjoyed so little
Comparin' it with de tune from Mike's ol' fiddle.

Remember how Mike played his tune fer country
dance;

An' his right foot kept up de beat while others
prance.

He kind er seemed to keep de whole crowd in action;
'Cause everyone was happy, no selfish faction.—
We use to find fun in de ol' games and' riddle,
Jist as well as in de tune from Mike's ol' fiddle.

But ol' Mike's gone along with de rest of de boys,
An' along with 'em, too, our ol' an' pleasin' joys;
An' dhere ain't none left of our dear ol' fashion set
K'cept me; I'm waitin' patiently fer my time yet.
I don't see no more sich jolly games er riddle,
Ner heer sich sweet tunes as come from Mike's ol'
fiddle.

Hope my time won't be very long—can't come too
soon;

'Cause I'm not in it now de way dey play dheir
tune.

Would like to meet de ol' boys all in Heaven now;
An' kind er like to be a heerin' som'how
De singin' of de angels, an' heer dheir riddle;—
S'pose Mike's playin' fer 'em now with his ol' fiddle.

But dey say a man with a fiddle gets no place
Up dhere, with saints, when he has run his earthly
 race,
S'pose though, if Mike has played no worse till he
 got old,
He had to do like rich, who have to leave dheir
 gold.—
An' give him praise, er give him blame,—much er
 little—
I loved to heer, so well, de ol' tune an' fiddle.

GOD BLESS OUR WASHINGTON.

God bless our Washington for aye;
He's ably counselled and advised
For people of his country free;
He ne'er for them his love disguised.

God bless him, for he was so brave,
The father of his country dear;
The hero fought for all of us,
And freedom gained in his career.

God bless his rule, for it was wise
When he was honored President;
For north and south,—in every State,
He's left for us a government.

God bless all deeds he wrought for us,
And we'll retain his truth and shrine;
And every generation learns
The life of him which was sublime.

FISHIN' IN DE TIPPECANOE.

I like to go fishin' at Lowry's Park,
In de mornin' er jist about at dark;
An' like to meet up dhere wid Uncle Bob—
A jolly ol' feller—on to his job.

He sits wid me beside de cabin gate,
An' allus shares wid me his fishin' bait;
An' den we fill our pipes, an' light, an' smoke,
An' sorter button up our summer cloke;

An' talk about ol' times, jist w'ile we wait
Fer fish to come along an' steal our bait;
An' kinder rest our bamboos on our knees,
An' watch de fish come up to drink de breeze.

'Talkin' in a dreamin' way an' gapin' air
W'ich floats above de river, fresh an' fair,—
At once a tug! We both gits wide awake,
An' grab our poles, an see de bamboo shake.

Off goes our lines, but we hold' on jist tight,
An' de fish holdin' too wid all dheir might;
But we pull 'em up slow an' easy like,
Jist like you would w'en fishin' fer de pike.

It's a nice place to fish up dhere fer bass,
Kin sit down any place upon de grass;
An' sod is jist so smoot' and clean up dhere,
One could lay down to fish most anyw'ere.

Fishin's charmin' 'long dis river anyhow,
Most everyone 'at's ever fished here, somehow
Allus likes to come back again to bait
De fish in it, along de cabin gate.

I heerd 'em say 'at's fished in lake er sea:
Dey know no place w'ere dey would rather be
To spend a week or two, to fish an' rest—
Folks come from north, an' south, an' east, an' west.

Talk about any big ketch of fish you like,—
About yer salmon, w'ite fish, cod er pike;
Dhare ain't no sweeter fish fer man to eat—
Es comes from dis stream—dey can not be beat!

THE TIME WILL COME.

The time will come for man to leave
His pleasures and his care,
And he must answer to questions
Upon the judgment chair.
And his soul will then be pleading
For entrance to its home,
Just like a child that's been away
From its parental home.
Both will seek to be renumbered,
And live again with kin,
After their provoked distractions
In the world of curse and sin.

A MOUNTBANK.

Onct in a western town a man,
In person tall an' stout,
Was thought by cit'zens a doctor
Before they found him out.

He came there from some foreign place,
An' waited there for cases;
An' havin' no other physician
Was called to several places.

He drew several customers there,—
Some cases large, some small;
Whichever he had gone to treat,
Alike he'd treat 'em all.

In a certain case,—'twas a young man,—
Bloodpoisoned, then he died,
From just a splinter in his thumb;—
Cold water the Dr. applied.

Another case, a child had cough,
He knew one thing to do;
He gave the child a cold-water bath,
But the young 'un died—'tis true!

He'd often boast of all he cured,
An' 'lowed he had no equal;
Believed his plan was scientific,
An' had most every sequel.

But soon his method was found out,—
Treatment for child er man,
No matter what the case would be,
Was his cold-water plan.

An' now whoe'er sees him in town,
The old an' young, just laugh;
An' point to him an' holler loud:
“There goes Cold-Water Bath!”

TWO TRAINS.

As the messenger of death was waking,
And his journey down the life stream taking,
He called two aged mortals from the shore;
The one a banker, old and wealthy grown,
The other a bachelor,—long sick before,—
With no possessions he could call his own.
Scarcely one league apart resided they,
Members of the same congregation were they;
And their trains through the same church door had
 passed,
Yet unlike were these two trains—a difference vast.

When the aged banker was borne away
From the wealthy, cozy home wherein he lay,
Around his body was put the grandest shroud,
With beautiful plume composed of many flowers.
His lead was followed by an immense crowd,
Who admired the scene which proved his dowers,—
Everything was so beautifully displayed,—
“No sweeter corpse no man has ever laid:”
Such words had come from many of the train
Who also wished a similar death to gain.

If from appearances we were to believe,
It seems that heaven would ever receive
The souls of those whose corpse are grandly dressed,
More welcome than the humble and more blessed.
And all the grand displays for mortals—strange—
Seems wealth made mournful, death a happy change.

But He alone, the Father of us all
Drew out the soul from him and never gazed
Around him; unconscious of what the pall,
Or features of the corpse which had been praised.
A grand ceremony at church was given
In memory of his death and way of living.
And when the train reached his intended rest,
For the bereft sympathy was expressed.
On top of his sandy grave were piled heaps
Of wreaths of roses and other flowers.
And now within a vaulted room he sleeps,—
A pulseless sleep for mortal flesh of ours.

The other train, my friends—so much contrast—
The infirm old bachelor it bore off fast.
The procession that went to church with him
Were alike inmates from the county's inn;
And his pall had been simple—no flower,—
Not even the bell was tolled in the tower;—
And short the ceremony—no one preached;
And when the grave wherein he lay was reached

The few him recognized no tears did shed,
And none seemed bereft—soon forgot the dead.

Again alone the Father of us all
Drew out the soul from him and never gazed
Around him; unconscious of what the pall,
Or features of the corpse which was not praised.
Buried is this poor, once begging inmate,
At head nor feet's a stone to tell his fate;
No vaulted room nor dome to mark the spot;
No history now records his life forgot.

But not for outcasts nor for men of gold
Can slabs nor vaults in mind retain and hold
The mouldering form which goes back into clay;—
Useless funeral displays are mocked next day.
Displays of kings and queens are soon forgot,
Unless great deeds are sprung up in their lot.

Both these mortals now are mouldering to clay,
And each one's soul has passed the judgment day.
And each must sleep the sleep that knows no wake;
The poor man leaves no gold nor claim behind,
And the wealthy banker none with him can take,
For death, when it comes, levels all mankind.

THE DYING CENTURY.

I.

Dying art thou, O, Nineteenth Century!

 Soon thou'lt breathe of all thy breaths the last;
This generation of thy ending day
 Will soon think thee a dream that's past.
Soon future generations perhaps may think
 Of what thou'st done in bygone days
For them, as they will stand beside the brink
 Of this thy all, and on thy features gaze.

Thou'lt, like the sound of a ringing bell,
 Come to the future's dreaming ear;
Continuing sound like a drumming sea shell,
 'Tis always known that thou'st here.
Thy history, as thou'lt sleep thy sleep,
 And all the things that thou'st said,
Will in human hearts have sunk very deep
 And set to words when thou art dead.

And when thy now-ending life record's sealed,
 'Therefrom no single item's drawn;
Not a single act canst thou have repealed

That thou hast wrought since thy first dawn.
And whate'ver the darkened future will be,
'Twill praise the good that thou hast done;
The good that is given to it by thee
Shall probe the hearts of every one.

The earth itself has shown small change in time,
When compared with thy human force;
The sun, moon and stars the same do shine,
As they wheel round in their own course.
Though the same as it had begun with thee
May be this universe of ours;
The change doth all in human progress be—
In human hearts, in human powers.

II.

It was born mid the wrecks of revolutions,
 When convulsive nations sought worth;
In the roar of battle upon the oceans
 Were lulled its infant cries at birth.
While eastern tyrants were reigning with terror
 Was rocked our cradle of liberty,—
Then America with cares and fervor
 First opened wide her eyes to see.

And in the cradle of liberty breathed a maid,
 Whose chiming voice probed human heart;
And her measure stole out through gloom and glade,
 Though many scars she held her part.
This nineteenth century advanced her theme;
 And the world is becoming more humanized.
On eastern shores, of her, our neighbors dream;
 And all her scars are cicatrized.

With healthiest hue and cheerfulness she stands,
 Breathing inspiring air of alms;—
Her arm outstretched, with gospel in her hands,
 Pointing to the warm and sunny palms.
With pity in her heart, free thoughts in mind,
 Her soul-stirring voice now chants,
And tells the world we're of one fold, one kind;
 Denouncing wars, and peace advance.

And in this dying nineteenth century,
Although shades of war came o'er her,
She gleaned with hope and gained her destiny.
'Tis sad that forth war trumpets blur;
But ere the century closes its lids to sleep
Her sisters oak-crowned with their kings
Are dejecting expansive sway to sweep
Fretums, with ships for nobler things.

Harmony, which prompts attempts so bold;—
For it the fervent ardor blazes,
And by a revolution oft foretold,
Allays disputes with wars, and gazes
On the sad, dreadful, bloodstained battle-field;
Then the spirit of humanity
Looks forth with anxious eye, and hopes to wield
The ages to come, to mildly free.

'The great Jehovah with His natural sense,
With love for truth, and goodness combined,
The nation preserved; giving His own defense
For charity for all mankind.
He happ'ly provided her with His aid
In this dying nineteenth century;
This generous nation, despite of battles stayed,
Her freedom fount spreads every way.

III.

The coming is heir to a great inventive genius;
On gazing upon surroundings, how
For mountain crossings has been solved the rebus;
Underneath the Alpines pass we now.
Across the seas the ships can pass with speed;
Cables to all the distant nations pass,
Convening to spread the Anglo-Saxon creed;—
Conjoin the trade with every class.

Far to the east, where Christ so long denied,
Where walls forbade redress for man,
In this century missions now provide,
Teaching them for a safer plan.
And nations are becoming more discreet,
Espying Providence to trust;
And through the plashy brine now send their fleet,—
Their walls decay, they shall, they must.

Great heroes have risen to set things right;
They who for the enemies did wake;
And many have fallen under bloody fight.—
'Twas only for God's justice sake.
Their lives have they spent for humanity,
Amending the spirit of races;
Making clear apprehension of vanity,
Urging suitors for Heavenly graces.

Yet few nations survive that need assistance,
 But inventions and art and science
Are speedily helping to make resistance;
 Coalescing them for nobler alliance.
From the Flowery Kingdom passes the cloud,
 And light must reach the Kaffir kin.
The twentieth century should be endowed
 To take away more curse and sin.

IV.

Dying art thou, O Nineteenth Century!
But a brief time canst thou survive;
Soon, pitiful tears we must have wiped away;
Of thy good we can not thee deprive.
Thy lips speak clear, thine eyes behold far;
For the coming loud thy voice resounds
That merciful man must nip the buds of war;
Then every raging navy drowns.

Thou alone first dared to sail along each main,
Where kings forbade to make explores;
Thy human force disturbed tyrannic reign,
Opened the ports on heathen shores.
And when thy funeral knell is rung for thee,
And thou art let down in thy grave,
The epitaph upon the stone shall be
"HUMANITY," which Christ did save.

May the coming keep us within God's word,
That which this century speaks to us;
Deliver the good which it has done, O Lord!
And the evil drive out from us.
Deliver, O Lord, the good spirit of nations all.
Let good Deborah thy work complete;
And keep him, Son of David, from the thrall
Till each the other with mercy will meet.

AMEN.

THE YOUNG POET AND THE CYNIC.

A tender genius once ventured to write,
Picked his pen and paper and a light;
And then went into a room all alone,
Where he heard no cries, nor whispers, nor groan.

He chose for his theme "The Wrong and the
Right,"
And began his work and wrote the whole night;
He took for his meter what he thought best,
And brought in his rhyme to follow the rest.

His thoughts were broken—connections were bad,
But he dressed the theme with the best he had;
And when he was through read it o'er and o'er
Until his memory was cloudy and sore.

He changed the meter and he changed the verse
(And every change that was made made it worse).
At last he believed his song was complete,
And sent it away with unequal feet.

He sent it away to an author of news,
Expecting some courage instead of the blues;

But the lines got into a cynic's hand,
Who tore them to pieces, and wrote him this brand:

“To Ye Young Author;” “You're a silly dunce,
You ought to let up your nonsense at once.
Your theme is simple, without your explain,
'Twere better you'd been in the Battleship Maine.”

“You're as foolish as your verses and rhyme,
You'd better migrate to some distant clime;
For you can not make a bit of success
By throwing your language into such mess.”

It discouraged the poet—gave him the blues
To read the cynic's selfish, cursing news;
So he dropped his pen, put his paper aside
With a feeling that all hopes were denied.

He gave up his notion for rhymes for a year,
When a sound like a trumpet came to his ear:
“What do you care for the world and its curse,
Take up your paper, your pen and verse.”

“And look not for fame, and look not for pelf,
Write for your pleasure in writing, yourself
Can find, though selfish cynics won't approve,
Cheer up and be happy and work for love.”

And the poet began his writings anew,
And soon collected a volume or two;
And he no more heeds to the cynic's blow,
Who finally had hushed and let him go.

The poet heeds true critics—true friends,
Who faithfully read his verse with closest lens;
And he's living a life with friendship of all,
O'ercoming abuses that poets befall."

TAKIN' IN DE MEDICINE SHOW.

W'en my Kate un' me wur' first marr'ed—long in
eighty-two,
We loved each ot'er so well dat year, un' sweet
words wur not few;
De honeymoon wus bright in dat whol' year,—we
would discuss
Sum' very interestin' dhings, un' didn't raise a fuss.

An' den it happened so one night, Kate had run out
of flour;
She sent me down to mill, un' said, "Be back in
half an hour,
Fur I must set de yeast un' bake sum' biscuits yet
to-night."
Un' so I started frum de kitchen door un' said, "All
right."

I tuck an upper street un' started fur de market
place,
W'en lo! dhree blocks ahead I saw a man of col-
ored race
A standin' on a big store-box wit' a wagon behind;

Un' playin' banjo, un' singin' songs of de merriest
kind.

I wus so charmed wit' it, I listened to a song ur
two;

Un' den de nigger bowed un' said: "Friends, I am
here fur you;

I hold a bottle in my hand in w'ich you'll find a
cure

Fur all aches un' pains dat you git, un' dis remedy's
sure."

After makin' a speech un' tellin' w'at all it would do,
He offered a number fur sale, un' he sold quite a
few;

Den he picked up his banjo un' sung de jolliest
song;

It wus so charmin' it stopped ewery man 'es cum'
along.

W'en he stopped I went down to mill un' found de
door was closed,

(I pulled my watch un' saw it was later den I sup-
posed.)

W'at could I do? So I jus' bought a sack in a gro-
cery store;

Un' den I cum' back past de show to hear de songs
once more.

Dis time he sung us "Home, Sweet Home," un' den
he sold again
De wery cure he sold before, good fur all kinds of
pain.
I bought one bottle right away to take along fur
Kate;
(To kinder cheer hur up wit', 'cause I's cumin' home
so late.)

I walked up to de kitchen door, but den it had been
locked;
Un' den I went to de frunt door un' knocked un'
called un' knocked.
After w'ile Kate opened de door, un' wiped sum'
tears away;
I began to explain to hur at wunce about my stay.

Den up she spoke, saying to me: "No need to give
excuse."
I showed hur w'at I bought fur hur, but den it was
no use.
We both began to grumble sum', un soon we both
wur' mad;
Un' kep' it up till we retired,—de first quarrel 'es
we had.

Un' we had many quarrels dhen, each kep' a gettin'
worse;

Den we agreed we couldn't agree, so we got a
deworce.

Kate sued me fur a terrible sum,— de judge reduced
it dhough;

Un' I paid hur two thousand dollars, (most allus
half, you know).

Our union lasted jus' dhree years,—I never marr'ed
since;

Kate died a short time after dat, un' I resolved
frum dhence

To wonder dhrough dis world alone;—No difference
where I go,

I allus blamed de wery start on dat medicine show,

N'IMPORTE.

When the deeds of men are recorded,
And the books of life are sealed,
They'll pass to the hands of the Master,
Where the pages are revealed;
There'll be waiting to hear the judgment,
Till each in his turn comes near,
And the Master will judge each according
To the pages as they'll appear.

And the high and the low will gather,
All around the Master's seat;
And the vain and the proud will wonder
At the humble at his feet,
Wherefore they should be at his mercy,
When their record shows no fame;
While a curse is their self-esteemed honor,
Just bringing them down to shame.

How sad! What sorrowful tears they'll be
shedding

When the Master will explain:
That there's mercy for the merciful,
Though only an humble swain.
That each had been given a talent,
To use as well as he could;
And rather than seeking for honor,
Work for a true end and good.

What matters if the world will give scorn,
And laugh at blunders you make;
Or the high-flown bigot will even
An humble servant forsake.
When the deeds of men are recorded,
And the books of life are sealed,
And passed to the hands of the Master,
There the pages are revealed.

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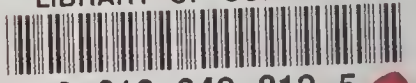
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